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Animal Instincts Seek to Rule Us

A Man's BODY Is Made Up of All the Material Elements, So His SPIRIT Is a Composite of the Whole Animal Kingdom—Unless We Conquer Them, the Strongest Animals in Us Direct Our Course.

To know ourselves is old and wise advice. It was written above the door of the great Greek temple. It is written above the entrance of every successful career.

Know yourself, and you may know what you can do, HOW you can do it, and especially WHAT THINGS INTERFERE AND THREATEN YOU.

The most important thing is knowledge of our DEFECTS, or of those strong tendencies, natural in themselves, that threaten to destroy our balance and usefulness when they develop abnormally.

A million or more men on this earth have recently bought automobiles. Their first thought is to know the machine.

They want to learn its WEAKNESSES—which parts get out of order most easily, which break down, which need careful oiling and cleaning. We think little of a chauffeur unless he knows something about his machine.

Is it not important that each of us should know something about the machine which he calls "MYSELF?"

And how many of us strive for real knowledge of the machine that is "OURSELVES," with which all of our work is to be done?

The beginning of wisdom is to know that we know little. The basis of wisdom is knowledge of our limitations and weaknesses.

A man—in his youth—plans out his future, and the last thing he takes into consideration is his shortcomings and moral or mental deficiencies. It is usually the most timid boy that dreams of being a pirate or Indian fighter.

Many a man has had just such dreams as those that made young Bonaparte's eyes flash; many men have them now—and they will end by selling ribbon and laboriously paying for a home on the installment plan—they've got the wrong kind of ancestry back of them. You cannot get out of a machine more energy than you put in it—that's an axiom of mechanical construction. If you doubt this, ask the man who invented Garabed. And you can't get out of a man anything more than his ancestry has put in him—that's an axiom of HUMAN construction.

Opportunity, environment, and EDUCATION ESPECIALLY work wonders. But the material MUST be there.

The character of man is a blending OF ALL THE CHARACTERS OF ANIMALS, plus the attribute of humanity.

Perhaps you never thought of YOURSELF as being made up of all kinds of animal qualities.

But how often have you thought of others in that way?

Have you noticed one man's likeness to a fox, with its cunning? Another seems like a wolf, another like a hog, another brave as a lion, another determined as a bulldog, and so on. In fact, we scarcely think of describing a man's salient characteristics without calling in the animal kingdom for use in comparisons.

If you get the idea in your mind that YOUR personality is a composite of the animal qualities, you can study yourself and perhaps control yourself better than you do.

The qualities are all needed, IN THE PROPER PROPORTIONS, as the material elements in the body are needed. The body must have in it lime and chalk and albumen. But get too much lime and chalk—rheumatism and gout torment you. Develop too much albumen, and the undertaker closes the chapter. The doctor, knows that he must regulate your material composition and get rid of the surplus or make up the deficit.

In one home he is ridding the old grandfather of too much lime, and in another he is giving iron to the delicate woman.

Be your own MENTAL doctor and ZOOLOGIST.

Regulate the animal kingdom that is bound up in you. Find out which animal instinct is in charge—and see that you subdue it. To succeed, you should be a proper blending of the whole kingdom, with mildness and balance dominating the menagerie.

The fox in you keeps you from being victimized. Too much fox makes you properly despised, and your success is not worth having.

Charming women must have a LITTLE of the peacock. But TOO MUCH peacock makes her unpleasant and not worth bothering about.

We all need the ambition of the horse—but not enough to make us bang our heads against stone walls like a runaway race horse.

We are imperfect without the dog's quality of friendship—but we must not have so much as to cause us to endure useless kicking and neglect.

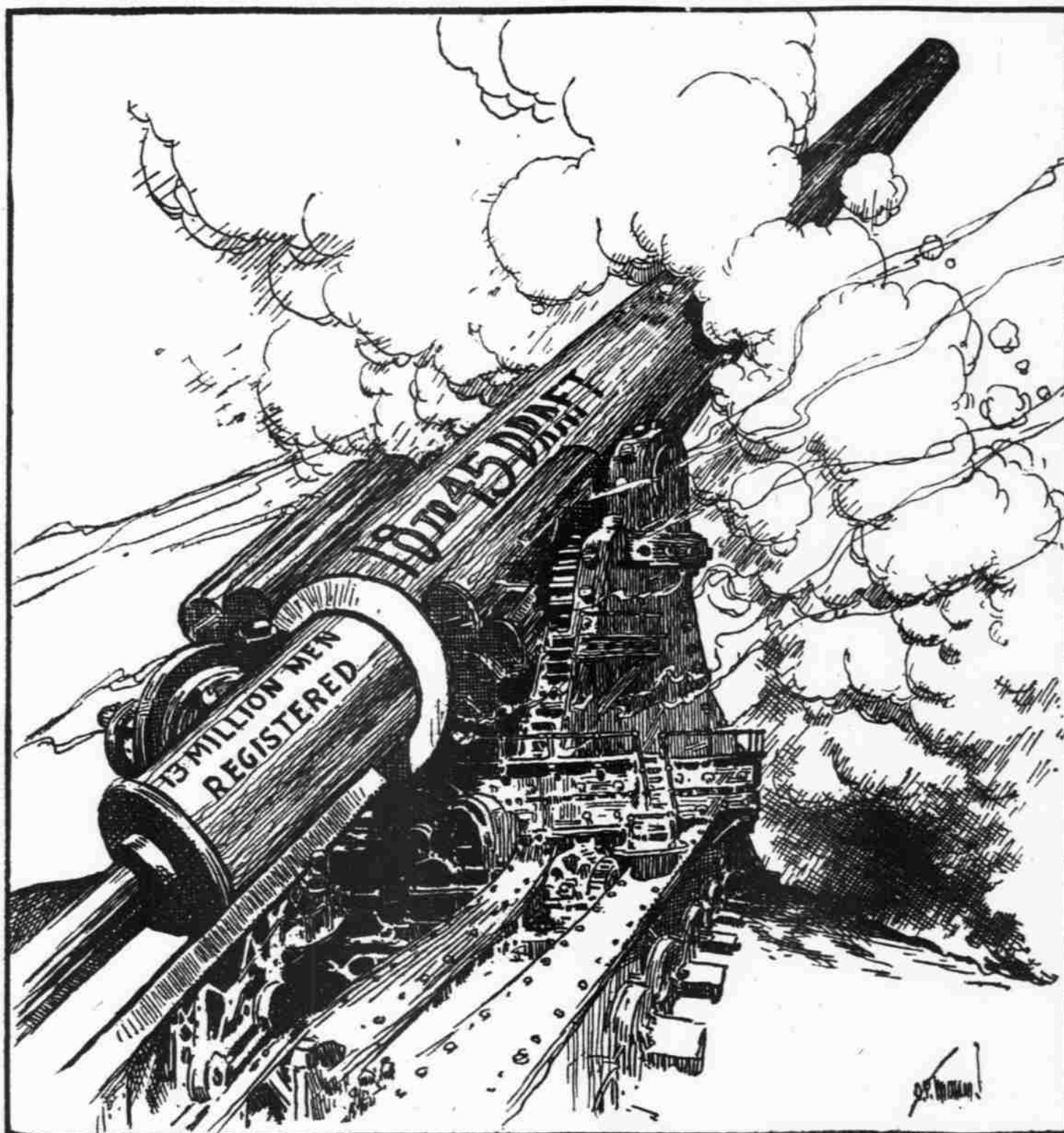
The sheep's caution keeps us out of trouble, but we need a little of the lion also to make us fight if we have to, fighting times being still with us.

If we recognize these qualities and regulate them, we can do a great deal for ourselves. We ought not to take ourselves for granted and accept the foolish theory that TEMPERAMENT CANNOT BE CHANGED.

It can be changed. The man of violent temper can get the wolf in him subdued if he wants to. The drunkard can put down the overdeveloped swine. The cheat can conquer the cunning, thievish fox.

(Continued in Last Column.)

A Shot That Will Be Heard "Round the World"



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

DO you paint? Are you an impressionist with a pretty taste in facial landscape effects? Do you walk downtown displaying a blazing sunset on either cheek and a snow-capped eminence between that suggests Mount Blanc rather than a nose?

Do your facial color schemes suggest the comic supplement of a Sunday newspaper or a North American Indian on the war-path?

If these diversions have been your favorite sport, indoor and outdoor, down on your knees and thank heaven you do not live in Patchoque, Long Island, for the village board not only frowns on this sort of talent—it goes further and has taken steps to have the rabbit-foot impressionist locked up, according to the following clipping:

Patchogue, Long Island, Sept. 10. So that the military police at Camp Upton will find it easier to tell modest girls from the brazen, the authorities have secured action by the village board here. In a resolution the women are asked to give up cosmetics and gaudy clothes.

The board has also suggested the arrest of unchaperoned misses caught strolling near the camp after 3 p. m. Dr. Frank Overton, State sanitary supervisor, backed the anticosmetic resolution.

"What shall the girls use to protect their complexions?" he was asked.

"Soap," he replied laconically. A great many girls, "nice girls," too, will look on this compulsory face washing edict as a cruel hardship. They don't see why the village board will not let them paint in peace, what does it mean by sticking its nose in the rouge pot on their dressing tables?

And the village board, if it only knew, might accomplish as much in the way of reform, by letting them alone. Face painting is like a recurrent disease, it crops up once or twice in every generation and, like the present attempt on Long Island, the authorities have at various times attempted municipal regulation, but—that is not the real cure.

The real cure is repeated applications of face paint, in other words, "A hair of the dog that bit you." Or if you prefer the more elegant motto of the homeopathy—"Similia similibus curantur," which being translated, means "Like cure like."

For where the hand painted complexion is universal, and each artist outpainted her neighbor, and color is piled on color, red on red, there comes a point at which even genius must stop.

TODAY'S TOPIC FACE PAINTING

There is nothing redder than scarlet and after awhile even the possibilities of scarlet and white becomes exhausted, as witness the clown in the circus.

All the King's horses and all the King's men can't make Humpty Dumpty's face whiter, nor his red spots redder—he has got to stop and do something else to attract attention.

The same rule holds good in regard to girls. With every face screaming scarlet, the woman to

attract attention is she who washes her face. The truth of this slips, gradually, into the understanding of the painted sex—then there is a boom in soap! The boom lasts for years sometimes, and facial impressionists, if they paint at all, do it so well and unobtrusively as to deceive even the elect. Then they begin again, and we have the same ebb and flow of color as we have had through the ages; since Cleopatra had herself baled up in a choice rug and took that means of calling on Julius Caesar.

who, it appears, did not care about receiving her, at first.

Face painting as it is carried on today, is not an art, as it was twenty years ago, it is a challenge! a blow in the face of every passer-by—it is an unwritten demand, "avoid seeing me if you dare!"

It is interesting to the student of psychology, as denoting a phase of woman's development or decadence, according to your point of view.

No one could call it pretty at this violent stage of its progression, and a girl might achieve the same results in the way of attracting attention by painting her face blue, for a change, like the early Britons.

"A History of Face Painting" would be a distinctly useful handbook to the various municipal boards that from time to time attempt to point out to the glib male the true from the false.

A great many of the women of antiquity took no chance with death, they had their favorite lotions and cosmetics bundled up and put into their sarcophagi with them; they didn't know where they were going and they decided to go prepared.

Their bodies have shriveled; a handful of dust is all that remains of them, and their desire to look beautiful, but the fragile Etruscan glass receptacles that held the beautifiers still exist, a monument to woman's eternal desire to please man.

I have had innumerable letters from various sources on the subject of face painting. Mothers want to know why their daughters, who have been carefully brought up, insist on painting; young men who are going to be married wonder why "nice" girls deliberately adopt the liveliest of vice? Husband says something like this—"My wife is the best little woman in the world, but she paints."

And I usually answer, if they send me a self-addressed envelope. "My dear Sir, its like the horrible cigars they give you at Christmas, they mean well, they are trying to please you, but they don't realize they have got the wrong label on the box."

And so women go on wrongly labeling, or libeling themselves, until a new beauty appears on the horizon and word goes forth that she didn't make up.

She walks through a ballroom or down the street "under her own colors," and she makes the rest of them look like old-fashioned crazy quilts, where all the colors were and fought with all the other colors, and suddenly the boom in paint drops and the boom in soap begins.

The object lesson has struck home and for a period, at least, the North American Indian on the war path fails as an ideal to the women of the land.

Time's Hymn of Hate

Poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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Oh, boastful, wicked land, that once was beautiful and great,
How bitter and how black must be your self-invited fate
While Time goes down the centuries and sings his hymn of hate.

TIME's voice is just. His words ring true. For as the past recedes,
The clear-eyed Future slowly writes the story of its deeds;
And as Time toward the Infinite his ceaseless flight is winging

He shall go singing

The hymn of hate of men and gods for all your deeds of lust,
For all your acts of cruelty and hell-concocted schemes,
More hideous than the darkest plot of which a devil dreams,
Which sprang from your Medusa head before it touched the dust.

Beneath the strangling hand of Fate,

That strident voice of yours,

Shall hush to silence. Soon or late

The justice that endures

Will mobilize its mighty ranks and free the human race.

Then shall all space,

Yea, all the chains of spheres on spheres

With that loud hymn be ringing

Which Time goes singing,

His far flight winging—

And all the cherubim of God that dwell in regions o'er us

Shall swell the chorus.

Oh, boastful, wicked land, that once was beautiful and great,
How desolate and dark must be your self-invited fate
While Time goes down the centuries and sings his hymn of hate.

Let the Government Own Our Street Car Lines

And Do Away With the Principle of Finances First and the Traveling Public Second.

By EARL GODWIN.

The Public Utilities Commission might take this opportunity to tell the Senate that the only possible solution of our street railway tangle is public ownership.

By public ownership I mean the actual possession of the two Washington street car lines by the public.

These two lines will never consolidate; no more so than oil and water. There are financial difficulties which appear to be mountain high. Committees from both roads have been trying to find a way to mix the two properties, but so far there is no solution to the problem.

As long as there is a financial problem to be solved, the owners of the roads will put their first and biggest attention to that, on the well-known principle that where a man's treasure is there his heart will be also.

But the public has its heart on the traffic problem, the indecent and uncomfortable traveling in overcrowded cars. It also has in mind that even with the improvements made under the expert direction of John A. Beeler delays are common, and delays mean holding up the war program.

Financing the two roads under the steadily increasing costs of labor and materials is growing more and more difficult. Perhaps soon it will be impossible. If it actually becomes impossible, then the owners of the roads might find it more convenient to stop operating altogether, which would bring home to Congress the fact that private ownership of a public utility is a queer sort of mixture.

Congress has had numerous chances to enact a public ownership law. It still has a splendid chance, with an object lesson before it in every car that passes up and down the streets.

Washington is the main war shop. The brains of the war are here. The necessary force of clerical workers is here helping to keep the wheels moving. It is just as necessary to furnish adequate, speedy, and safe street car transportation here as it is in a navy yard town or a shipbuilding community.

Let the Government own the local street car lines and do away with the principle of finances first and the traveling public second.

HEARD AND SEEN

Four Mt. Pleasant boys were made majors of marines the other day—promoted from captains. Their names are ALPHONSE DE CARRE, VINCENT E. STACK, GEORGE DE NEALE and GEORGE HAMILTON.

The Times has told of Major De Carre's exploit in the battle of Belleau wood, when he went into a thicket and brought out a Hun machine gun crew. For this he was given the croix de guerre.

The other three were also cited for bravery in action. These brave young soldiers lived for years within a few blocks of each other in Mt. Pleasant.

De Carre's brother is captain of artillery. Stack's brother is captain of marines. De Carre's father, a Frenchman, long in the employ of the Treasury, died a few months ago.

The father of the Stacks is an old employee of the Postoffice Department, in the inspection service; De Neale's father is manager at Kam's Busy Corner; Hamilton's father, who was a prominent lawyer, is dead. Of this quartet of young heroes Mt. Pleasant and Washington may well be proud.

Here are some recollections for the old folks, submitted by HUGH A. ERNST, of Mt. Rainier, who was a page in the House of Representatives in the Thirty-eighth Congress—the "War Congress" of that day:

Who remembers the old jail east of the Pension Office, southwest corner of Fourth and G streets northwest, where hangings took place?

Also when Missouri avenue was a residence street?

Also when we fished from a bridge at Pennsylvania avenue and Second street northwest?

Also when the first bob-tailed street car was unloaded from a B. and O. flat car at the B. and O. station (where the Peace Monument now stands)? It ran from the old Kirkwood house, in the northeast, to Twelfth street and Pennsylvania avenue.

Also when the first large pillars for the Treasury were hauled up the Avenue by ox teams, twelve to a team?

The old hotel located where the Washington Loan and Trust Company now stands, at Ninth and F streets?

ED HUMPHRIES reports this sign in a G street jewelry store:

HAVE YOUR LOOSE DIAMONDS
SET WHILE YOU WAIT

Evidently EVERYBODY must be rich.

Once-Overs.

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DRILL FOR YOURSELF.

Next time you watch soldiers go through the manual of arms listen to the commands and see if you are not impressed with their value as applied practically to everyday life.

"Attention!" You need not only to stand and walk in proper attitude, but give attention to every bit of useful information you can gain. "Salute!" How do you perform your salutations? In a careless, perfunctory manner, with no animation or feeling for the friends you meet?

"Mark time!" Do you school yourself to preparation before you start any undertaking that you may be more positive in its performance?

"Forward, march!" Do you put vim and real action into your stride, or do you slouch along, thus plainly indicating yourself as weak and indecisive?

"Quick march!" Are you working up to greater speed, so that when there is the demand for it you may be not outstripped by another? Apply the soldier's drill commands to yourself, in your everyday life, and you will find them a great help to success.

ANIMAL INSTINCTS SEEK TO RULE US.

(Continued from First Column.)

Sort out your animals and regulate them.

If some one could have told old Dr. Johnson—quite courteously—that an ancestral pig bossed him too much and kept him guzzling in his coffee house we should have more good work from Johnson. The candid friend would probably have heard forcible words from the old man. But it would have been a good thing for Johnson and everybody else.

In your life you face a jury-box full of the various animals whose qualities, with your spirit as moderator, make up your mental being.

Don't be at the mercy of these animal qualities or let them run riot. Man's destiny collectively is to rule the animal kingdom on earth, and your destiny individually is to rule that animal kingdom in you.

YOU be the boss and rule the menagerie.

Know yourself, and correct your faults as you recognize them—that's the only road to success.